

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE HEART BOWED DOWN BY WEIGHT OF WOE.

From the Opera of The Bohemian Girl.

The heart bow'd down by weight of woe,
To weakest hope will cling,
To thought and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend
O'er pleasures' pathway thrown,
But mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call his own.

The mind will, in its worst despair,
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last ;
To long departed years extend
Its visions with them flown ;
For mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

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